PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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VIVE LA FRANCE!

The land of sunshine and of song!
  Her name your hearts divine;
To her the banquet's vows belong
  Whose breasts have poured its wine;
Our trusty friend, our true ally
  Through varied change and chance:
So, fill your flashing goblets high,—
  I give you, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Above our hosts in triple folds
  The selfsame colors spread,
Where Valor's faithful arm upholds
  The blue, the white, the red;
Alike each nation's glittering crest
  Reflects the morning's glance,—
Twin eagles, soaring east and west:
  Once more, then, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Sister in trial! who shall count
  Thy generous friendship's claim,
Whose blood ran mingling in the fount
  That gave our land its name,
Till Yorktown saw in blended line
  Our conquering arms advance,
And victory's double garlands twine
  Our banners? VIVE LA FRANCE!

O land of heroes! in our need
  One gift from Heaven we crave
To stanch these wounds that vainly bleed,—
  The wise to lead the brave!
Call back one Captain of thy past
  From glory's marble trance,
Whose name shall be a bugle-blast
  To rouse us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

Pluck Condé's baton from the trench,
  Wake up stout Charles Martel,
Or find some woman's hand to clench
  The sword of La Pucelle!
Give us one hour of old Turenne,—
  One lift of Bayard's lance,—
Nay, call Marengo's Chief again
  To lead us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

Ah, hush! our welcome Guest shall hear
  But sounds of peace and joy;
No angry echo vex thine ear,
  Fair Daughter of Savoy!
Once more! the land of arms and arts,
  Of glory, grace, romance;
Her love lies warm in all our hearts:
  God bless her! VIVE LA FRANCE!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

PRAISING THE LORD.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Praise ye the Lord.—PSALM CXL. 6.

The Psalms I read for a lesson seem to me to be the key to all true gratitude, because they begin and end with God.

They enlist the whole universe in his praise, make that the ground for singing we are apt to make a reason for sighing, and grant with a clear courage the things which fill us now and then with a blank dismay. If the sublime forces of nature have not attended properly to our poor little patch, and behaved themselves generally as we think they ought to behave within the circle of our interests, doing what we conceive to be our work rather than the work of him that sent them, and have not stood to us and by us; if they have not made a fair showing for us through the year, from the cotton crop to the ice crop, then we hesitate and ponder.

Some such feeling as this lies latent in almost every human heart, not as a thing to be spoken of with this accent in our meetings, or as a feeling to be nourished for an instant by wholesome men and women, but in the great bulk of us it is there all the same and drifting always to this conclusion, that we will thank God for value received or expected, in good solid dividends, the kernel of praise for a kernel of worth, but only shells for shells. So heaven must do her best, or it is too much to expect that we shall do ours.

But not so, I have said, does this seer and singer make melody in his heart to God. He pulls out all the stops, touches all the keys, smites all the bells, makes his *Te Deum* include all the harmonies and all the discords, and so touches you as you are touched by Niagara on a still summer's morning, when, standing at the true distance from the clash and clamor, cataracts and falls, boiling floods and whirlpools, are all blended into one deep and true accord.

He will have all the angels praise God, from the great angel standing in the sun to that which lurks in a dewdrop, and, when its work is done, melts away into heaven, to come down again, if God will, in rains that desolate a province; and from the angels of slaying that smite the first-born, through plague or war, to the angels of help and healing that walk through the hospitals and sit down by sick-beds and incarnate again the blessed Christ. All the angels shall praise God, the seer and singer cries, and all the elements, those that destroy with those that create, fearful and destructive powers, and those on which the seal is set of his large and sure benediction,—fire and hail, snow and vapor and stormy wind; fire rushing through your tenements or through lonely settlements in Michigan, hail beating the blossoms to a pulp and almost breaking the hearts of those who nurse and love them, and winds hurling the ships ashore and whelming brave men in sudden death.

Shall these praise God? No, we say in our secret heart, these belong to the other side: the devil has got loose when these things befall us. "Not so," the singer cries, and "not so" cry those who stand with him and know his secret. God stands not on one side, helpless and aggrieved that these things should be, or heedless as the Atlantic is of the wreck that goes down into its heart. We do not know how it is or why it is, but we are persuaded that neither life nor death, no angels, nor principalities, nor powers, no things present nor things to come, no height nor depth, nor any other thin can separate us from the love of Goo and all these things in all their aspects a parts of his eternal providence,—ug things, to our poor sight, as things th shine with beauty, things we will n name, we loathe them so, and things ov which we bend with an endless deligh they are so winsome and so close of k to the best there is in our own nature,- grasshoppers and orioles, the barn-doo chick and the vulture, the hawk and th throstle, the lion and the lamb, the wo and the shepherd's dog. Make out you catalogue, this stanch old seer cries; p these on the right and those on the le if you will; say these are good alone an those wholly evil. So they are, and we may be to poor human insight. But the I will say to them all and altogethe Praise ye the Lord; for, had there n been some praiseworthy purpose in the they had never been made.

In this new day in which we live, we ca make science one with the gospel and th psalm, and see through her glass also ho all things have in them the hint of divine beneficence; and nothing was ma merely to suffer, and to say as the end its experience, I am a frustration and ha better never have been born. And th and this alone, to my mind, is the tr way to thank God. It turns not on crop or plenty of trade or freedom from pes or storm or blight. It is the human hea turning to God with this grand, full be in it, and breaking out into this psal which can tolerate no private interpret tion; and then it is the whole natio singing this one melody, "Praise ye th Lord!" because this again must be th end as it is the beginning,—that we prai God, if there is to be any great wor in our singing. The old Puritans stru the great note here, no matter how the fingers wandered over the keys beside after the minors and the thirds. The can be no gratitude to stir the heart a return for blessing on the life if we ha no connection reaching up to the eter God as the spring of all our joy. Bett be the old Puritan in a corner, with t sense of God's presence burning us, the sun burns through a lens, than wandering all over the universe, seeki one to thank, but unable to find him. Th used to thank mother earth and the riv and the sun. It is no use our trying to

that now; for we also have weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, caught the sun in a spectroscope, or think we have, and sent a commissioner to catch the lost secret of the springs of old Nile. We can only thank these as we thank other servants for good service, and so be still exalted, to be sure, by courtesy, but find nothing in them all so great as the soul. Nor can we praise the laws or their outcome in the elements,—fire and hail, snow and vapor and stormy wind, or the electric fires or the succession of the seasons.

There is but one way, and it is just the old simple way,—*we shall praise God.*

There can be no true thanksgiving except we do that, and believe with our whole heart that he is here and there and everywhere to answer to our gratitude, not as the blowing winds merely, or the wandering rains, or the light which comes and goes, or the sweetly responsive earth, or our mother nature, but as the innermost and surest presence of which we can form any conception, to which all other personality, even that of his Christ, is but a faint adumbration, and who, because he worketh hitherto and we work, brings us to these times when we can lift our hearts to him and thank him for the darkness and the light, for the evil, as it seems to us, as for the good, and for death as for life.

The little children for their childhood, if we are wise to keep them clear from the cruel shadows that blight and wither their loving look toward heaven, and temper the hectic eagerness they possess above all other children to be otherwise and otherwheres than they are now on the earth, we can bid them to be thankful. And bid our youth be thankful for the wealth which comes in the unworn nature, for the matchless inheritance to which they are born, and for all the fair hopes which will still invade their disheartenment. Bid them be thankful, and take no special note of so much worth for so much striving, because, if they do this on too close a margin, when the day comes we all reach soon or late, of less worth for more striving, the chances are that they will fall away from the grace which seems to have fallen away from them.

Yes, and *we* must thank God, who may not hope to see many more Thanksgivings, for the lessons life has brought us, and be what we sing. Young men and maidens, old men and children, let us all thank God in some grand, true way for the world we live in, more beautiful and excellent still than all the poets and seers have told; for the land we live in, the nursing mother of all who will look to her,—how she feeds the waiting millions, how she welcomes these that seek her shores from the long oppression, straightening their backs, brightening their eyes, and taking the slouch out of their feet; for the hearths and the altars, yes, and for the graves; for the sweet benignity of death, when life can do no more for us; for the rest that comes then, and the rest that remains, if we work worthily while we are here. Indeed, indeed, I ask you no common boon when I ask that we shall take this ground for our Thanksgiving, and neither doubt God nor parley with him, nor try to show him by inference and innuendo wherein he has come short of our expectations. Praise ye the Lord!—*Robert Collyer.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the public schools, at the visit of the Prince of Wales to Boston, October 18, 1860.

Air, "God save the Queen."

God bless our Fathers' land!
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own!
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave People's Friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her Throne!

Father, with loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,
Guide all his ways:
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days!

Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
Under thy wings!
Make all thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

What a vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones! Present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who pro-

vides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam.

Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us! We, who are so unstable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why cannot we, slipping our hand in His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home!—*Phillips Brooks.*

Count it all joy when you are called to a conflict which, please God, shall end in a victory, that you follow into the fight one who never lost a battle,—one whose great and final triumph was the victory of His death, a victory which is ours to share.—*Selected.*

TRUE UNION.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in the love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and so be one with thee.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. E. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

For the following books address Miss M. W. Suter, 116 Warren Street, Brookline, Mass.: "Africa," Carpenter; "Australia," Carpenter; "Young Folks' Encyclopædia of Common Things," Champlin; "View of the White Mountains," Sweetser; "Elementary Geology," Tarr; "English Composition," Wendell; "Talks to Young People on Ethics," Wilson.

AGRICULTURE: "Alfalfa," Coburn; "Common-sense in the Poultry Yard," Haig; "Practical Garden Book," Horn; "Practical Agriculture," Jones; "Ginseng," Kains; "Tobacco Problem," Lander; "The Horse Doctor," illustrated, Mayhew; "Handbook of Farmers and Dairymen," Woll; Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, 1877.

MAGAZINES: *Country Gentleman,* 1916 and 1917; *New Republic,* 1917 and 1918; *American Journal of Nursing,* 1914 and 1917; *Hospital World,* 1914; *Public Health Nurse,* 1914 and 1915.

REQUESTS.

1. I wish to thank those who have sent reading matter to us for the last year; and I still request anything that could be sent for our family of five children, ages from sixteen to four years. I am next to the eldest,—fourteen years old. We especially enjoyed the *Geographic* and *People's Home Journal.* I should like scrap-pieces for patchwork, *St. Nicholas,* and *Little Folks.* I am yours very gratefully, Bertha Messick, Bowling Green, De Soto County, Florida.

2. You will probably recall the correspondence I had with you three years ago relative to a home study and theological course, and that you were instrumental in securing some helpful books for me. I have been working among the weaker country churches and have been greatly blessed; but have not been able to make any money with which to buy books. If you can manage to get a theological library for me, I shall appreciate it very much indeed. I do not care how worn the volumes may be. I need books bearing on theology and Bible study. I should be glad to have you send me a number of story-books, fairy-tales, etc., for the little ones just learning to read. There is no public library nearer us than Greensboro, forty-four miles away. I should appreciate a Greek-English New Testament. Yours in His love, Grover C. Phillips, Freight Office, Bear Creek, North Carolina.

3. Nathan T. Hale, Lester, Kentucky, is grateful for what has been sent him and would be glad of papers, magazines, or books.

4. I come asking for reading suitable for myself and sister. I have one sister and three little brothers living. One dear little brother died over a year ago, and

home seems so lonesome. My father is a member of the Brethren Church. I haven't been able to go to church for a long time. I haven't been able to help mamma any since Christmas. I should be so glad of some scraps for my quilts to help pass the lonely hours. I wrote once before, but I never saw my letter in print. If reference is desired, write to Rev. J. B. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia. Address Pearl A. Wright, Dodson, Virginia.

5. Mrs. Hazel Watson, Copeland, Arkansas, asks for books for her three small daughters. They will be appreciated.

6. My situation has been such I could not write to those who were kind enough to send me literature. I appreciate it very much and shall be glad to get reading for the winter. My son asks for something to read. His address is Corp. Haddon L. Galloway, Co. I, 120th Inf., 60th Reg., 30th Div., American Ex. Forces, *via* New York. From Mrs. W. F. Galloway.

7. I should be glad to receive any good reading, especially Scotch and Irish poetry, and some good fairy-stories for my little girl. She would like "Undine" and "Alice in Wonderland." I would like "The Leopard's Spots" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or any good historical novels. I will pass this reading on to others who care for it. Address Mrs. Roy Payne, North Platte, Nebraska.

8. I thank one and all for past favors. I have not received any reading matter for some time. I should greatly appreciate books and magazines; also quilt pieces. I should appreciate it if some one would send me "Pollyanna Grown Up" and "Miss Billy" and "Miss Billy's Decision." Will some of the Cheerful Letter friends write to a friend of mine or send her reading, as she has been in the hospital for six weeks for an operation? Her address is Mrs. Alice Simpson, Unionville, Virginia.

9. *The Christian Endeavor World* is asked for by Rev. C. A. Jackson, Michigan State Prison, Jackson, Michigan.

10. Mrs. Callie Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 4, asks for elementary school books to be used at home; also any reading. She has one son in the Service.

11. Let me thank the lady sending *The Cheerful Letter* to me. It has been a comfort, as I buried our son, my sister, niece, and nephew all within a few days of each other. Reading is a comfort to me now. Address Mrs. Anna M. Hansberry, Meadow View Farm, Orting, Washington.

12. Allow me through this medium to thank you for the hospitality manifested and for the good seed sown through your letters and books sent from time to time. Rest assured they have been greatly appreciated by our people. It is highly essential that you ever remember them. We have no public library, a very limited education, and just now stand in need of works on American history, civics, and literature. Any books specially along these lines will meet with general satisfaction. I am a Unitarian, the only one on this rock; conduct a night school; coach a choir and orchestra; and lecture occasionally. I am twenty-six years old and do these things free of charge. The island is thirteen by three and one-half miles, has a harbor on the south, one of the safest and largest in the West Indies, and can hold the largest ship in the United States Navy. The city is built on three hills and is quite picturesque. Population is about 10,000. No one born since 1873 is illiterate. Rothschild Francis, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, U. S. A.

13. Mrs. Lucy Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, R. F. D. 2, asks for *The Cheerful Letter*, and story-books for her children.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A "FAMILY CONSTITUTION" A WORTHWHILE DEVICE FOR HOUSEHOLD HAPPINESS.

Coming through the hall of a pleasant home the other day I noticed upon the wall what appeared to be a framed autograph letter. Looking at it more closely I saw that it was an original document, signed with the familiar names of each member of the family.

"What is this?" I inquired.

"It is our Family Constitution," answered one of the boys.

"And what is that?" I pursued in surprise.

"Why shouldn't a family have a Constitution as much as a nation?" he asked, somewhat defiantly. "Isn't it just as hard for a few people to live together as for a million? And if they are going to try,

why shouldn't they have some kind of a working agreement?"

"Good!" I exclaimed. "Would you mind if I copy it?"

And here it is. You note that it has a familiar beginning.

"Our Family Constitution.

"We, the members of the Baldwin family, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, and promote the general welfare, do establish this as our Family Constitution:—

"I. Our home is to be a place of love and happiness. Whatever comes to us anywhere else, when we get home we intend to be cheerful, good-natured, and loving to each other.

"II. We are going to stand up for each other everywhere. We will never say anything mean about each other outside and we will not allow anybody outside to do anything wrong to any of us if we can help it.

"III. Each person's things in this house are his own. This means his room, his clothing, his playthings, and his secrets. We may lend our things if we wish to, but anybody who damages anything that belongs to anybody else is to make it up.

"IV. Since our parents have to be obedient to what is right, we children will try to be obedient to them. And we parents will try to give only reasonable commands, and we will tell the reason whenever it is possible.

"V. When we are together we will try to talk about pleasant things, and if anybody has anything that must be said that is not pleasant we will try to say it privately.

"VI. We will try not to nag each other.

"VII. When things are not going right we will have a family council and see if we cannot decide on what is best to do.

"VIII. We think that servants ought to be treated courteously and not asked to do our work for us.

"These are the things we are going to try to remember, in order to have a happy home.

(Signed)

RALPH BALDWIN.
MARY HOLMES BALDWIN.
RALPH BALDWIN, JR.
MARIAN BALDWIN.
FRED BALDWIN.
LILY BALDWIN (her mark)."

I hardly need to say that a wise mother suggested this plan—when Ralph, Jr., was just beginning civics. And I don't need to add that the language and many of the ideas were suggested by the children. The paper grew out of the daily experiences of the household. When it was first signed there were but four items. The others were added one by one as they were found to be needed. The sheet has room for more.

The strength of this pleasant device is that it is a permanent and visible statement of what the family believes about itself. It is a record of what all mean to do together. Rightly it is named a Constitution and not a Declaration of Independence. No item goes down until every one agrees to it. The mother tells me that never was it so easy for the children to control themselves and so joyous for all in the home life as it has been since this document was put up in the hall. The children read it nearly every day, and they are all very proud of it because it is their own handiwork. It gives the right kind of family pride.—*Dr. Forbush, author of "The Boy Problem."*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A CLEVER BEASTIE.

The chipmunk is a ground dweller and a worker in soils, but no tree dweller is more bright and tidy. His tail is as clean as if he had not whisked it in and out of a hole in the ground times without number. He carries it so deftly when he makes a dive for his hole that apparently not a hair of it ever comes in contact with the soil. You are not surprised to see his face so clean, because he is washing it on all occasions. His sanitary regulations in his den also seem to be wisely looked after. He stores up nothing that would ferment or mildew—only dry-cured food. He will eat the green corn that you give him and add the dry kernels to his winter stores.

At my summer home in the Catskills called Woodchuck Lodge, I cultivate friendship with the chipmunks, but rather frown upon the red squirrels, which are much more aggressive and destructive about the orchards and farm buildings. Besides, they are so impish and defiant that they do not win your heart as do the chipmunks.

The red squirrels and the gray come and go, but the gentle chipmunk we always have with us. He loves the open coun

try when the stone fences give him lines of communication. He has a curious habit, when he sees or hears a wagon or car coming, of suddenly running across the road in front of it. I can offer no explanation of this behavior unless it be that the hazard of such a dash affords him a little excitement that he relishes. I find more chipmunk dens along highways than anywhere else.

The chipmunk is one of the most provident of our wild creatures. Neither the red nor the gray squirrel regularly stores up a winter supply of food, although at times the red does so in a tentative, uncertain kind of way. You will see both of them in the fall carrying nuts from the trees and hiding them here and there under the leaves, but it is doubtful whether they ever seek them again for food. What they are really doing is unwittingly planting oak and chestnut and hickory trees. Nature seems to utilize their love of nuts for her own purpose, as she does that of the crows and the jays.

But the chipmunk is rarely a tree planter. He is absorbed in his own economies. He has two capacious cheek pockets that are invaluable to him, and those pockets have a power that ordinary pockets do not possess—the power of deglutition—and also the power of reversing the process. The pockets literally swallow the grains and nuts and as literally disgorge them. An acorn or other nut too large for his pockets the chipmunk carries in his teeth.

Early in the season, or as soon as he can find any ripened seeds, the chipmunk begins to provide for his winter needs. In my morning walks I usually take a few handfuls of mixed grain in my pocket and distribute it here and there along the stone walls near places where I know my little friends have their homes. They soon "catch on," as the boys say, and the sight of me raises expectations among them. After a little time they allow me to come within a few yards of them, showing only an unusual eagerness and curiosity. Then as I move on they quickly gather up the wheat and corn and carry it to their dens.

The recipients of my bounty seemed to excite the jealousy of chipmunks that lived farther away, or off the line of my walks. I had often wondered whether animals of the same kind ever plundered one another's stores. I had believed that they did not, but last fall, under the unequal conditions that I established by my limited bounty, I discovered that they did. On one occasion I saw chipmunks raiding their neighbors' stores. From the relative size of the robbed and the robber in two of the cases that I observed, I got the impression that the male was the robber in one case and the female in the other.

For two years a chipmunk has had a den by the roadside near the stone wall in front of my house, and many a handful of wheat and buckwheat and Indian corn have I placed upon the wall for her, if it is a "her." In July she began to make long trips up and down the stone wall, returning to her den with full pockets, so that by mid-October I concluded that with her own harvests and the additions from my granary her stores were considerable.

One morning I happened to see a chipmunk, larger and a little lighter-colored than my neighbor across the way, come down out of the orchard, cross the road to the wall and quickly work his way down to her den, which he boldly entered. I had just seen the rightful owner go off down the wall, but in a moment she came back and entered her hole.

"Now there will be trouble," I said to myself.

In a few seconds there came a yellow streak out of the hole, and two chipmunks were spinning along the wall at their best speed. The larger one kept about a yard ahead, and I could see that he had something in one cheek pocket. It is curious that on such occasions, among both birds and animals, the thief, no matter if he is the larger and stronger, will always flee. A guilty conscience seems to make cowards of all creatures, and a sense of right emboldens the weakest.

My plucky little neighbor pursued the intruder until I lost them from sight. That she compelled him to disgorge I can hardly believe. When she returned, five or six minutes later, she fell to eating the kernels of green corn that I had placed on the wall.

A quarter of an hour later I saw the thief coming cautiously along the wall, as if bent on making another raid. He paused every few yards to see whether the coast was clear. My little unsuspecting friend was completely hidden from him behind a big stone on the top of the wall. The robber came near and slanted his course down the side of the wall to the ground near the hole. From this point he must have seen the owner of the den, for he turned hurriedly back up the wall and disappeared.

Some time later I saw him coming back along the wall again. He skulked along

the side of the wall; he paused behind stones; he peered toward the den—every act betrayed guilt and trepidation. I had seen his intended victim enter her den, but he had not; and I could see that he was in a quandary whether or not she was at home. Finally he reached the hole. Three times he raised his head and glanced round; then he disappeared.

"He is in," I said, but had barely said it when out shot the yellow streak again and went coursing up the stone fence as before. It was nip and tuck, but the robber kept ahead. My neighbor was gone so long this time that I began to fear she had come to grief; but at last she came scurrying back. Whether or not her little earth castle was ever assaulted again by the brigand from the bush I do not know. —*John Burroughs in the Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

(Continued from last number.)

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously, alone in the house, for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got u early in the morning before the sun ros and took some bread and wine in a baske and put his holy water in a flask, and se off for the mountains. Like his brother h was much surprised at the sight of th glacier and had great difficulty in crossini it, even after leaving his basket behini him. The day was cloudless but not bright there was a heavy purple haze hanging ove the sky, and the hills looked lowering an gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed th steep rock path the thirst came upon hin as it had upon his brother, until he lifte his flask to his lips to drink. Then he sa the fair child lying near him on the rock and it cried to him and moaned for wate "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven half enough for myself," and passed on And as he went he thought the sunbeam grew more dim, and he saw a low bank o black cloud rising out of the west; an when he had climbed for another hour, th thirst overcame him again and he woul have drunk. Then he saw the old ma lying before him on the path, and hear him cry out for water. "Water, indeed, said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough fo myself," and on he went. Then again th light seemed to fade from before his eye and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, o the color of blood, had come over the sun and the bank of black cloud had risen ver high, and its edges were tossing and tum bling like the waves of the angry sea an they cast long shadows which flickered ove Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hou and again his thirst returned; and as h lifted his flask to his lips he thought he sa his brother Hans lying exhausted on th path before him, and as he gazed th figure stretched its arms to him and crie for water. "Ha, ha!" laughed Schwartz "are you there? Remember the prison bar my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose carried it all the way up here for *you*? And he strode over the figure; yet, as h passed, he thought he saw a strange ex pression of mockery about its lips. An when he had gone a few yards farther, h looked back; but the figure was not ther

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz he knew not why; but the thirst for gol prevailed over his fear, and he rushed o And the bank of black cloud rose to th zenith, and out of it came bursts of spi lightning, and waves of darkness seeme to heave and float, between their flashe over the whole heavens. And the sk where the sun was setting was all level an

like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And as he did so the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

—*John Ruskin.*

(To be continued.)

DOG SAVED MATE FROM DROWNING.

A dog belonging to Matthew O'Hara of Rochdale, Mass., recently saved his mate from drowning. On one of the hottest days the dogs sought relief from the heat by a swim in the river. Eye-witnesses stated that the drowning dog became so weak from the struggle that he could not drag himself up the bank, and seeing his predicament, his mate seized him by the collar and pulled him to safety. The owner of the dog wrote us as follows: "The report about my dog was true. He is the hero of Rochdale just now. It seems that his dog chum was about to go down for the last time. When my dog saw the danger he jumped into the water, got his companion ashore, stayed with him until he was all right, and then the two went off to play together."

BOY SCOUTS AS KILLERS.

A silly write-up in the New York *Herald* about the Boy Scouts of America and a rattlesnake dinner closes with a paragraph which represents them as rendering great service to the country by raising white mice for experimental purposes in hospitals, and killing other mice, snakes, etc., which do damage to grain and other food products. Setting boys to killing anything is a perilous venture. It should be done only under the wisest and most humane supervision. The killing instinct needs no fostering in this day of war. Besides all this few grown people know enough to kill even insects wisely. Constantly some one is destroying a bug, or beetle, or toad, or snake, that, in the language of Addington Bruce, is nothing less than one of "Nature's Police Force." What a host of birds and other of life's small children are safeguarding man's interests, protecting him from threatening danger! If only our Boy Scouts could be trained to think of themselves as members of this vast protective association, daily patrolling that vast beat bounded only by nature's limits, sure, absolutely sure what life should be taken, and then taking it only as painlessly as possible!

JEREMY TAYLOR ON ANIMALS.

Jeremy Taylor, the learned English divine, was far abreast of his time in his convictions and utterances regarding dumb animals. It is said that he believed in the immortality of animals. That such was his opinion may readily be gathered from his sermons and other writings. The clear-thinking, scholarly preacher made frequent reference to the animals and was far ahead of many a modern pulpit teacher in contending that God is revealed in the animals as well as in man. The following extracts are from Jeremy Taylor's sermons and "contemplations" (1650) :—

"God is in every creature; be cruel towards none, neither abuse any by intemperance. Remember that the creatures and every member of thy own body is one of the lesser cabinets and receptacles of God."

"So is God not dishonored when we suppose Him in every of His creatures, and in every part of every one of them."

"Does not God provide for all the birds and beasts and fishes? Do not the sparrows fly from their bush, and every morning find meat where they laid it not? Do not young ravens call to God, and He feeds them?"

"The deeps and the snows, the hail and the rain, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, they can, and do glorify God, and give Him praise in their capacity of eternal blessedness. . . . But since we did degenerate, and being by God made better and more noble creatures than all the inhabitants of the air, the water, and the earth besides, we made ourselves baser and more ignoble than any; for no dog, crocodile, or swine was ever God's enemy as we made ourselves."

"The creatures now groan to see themselves abused by man in contempt of his and their Creator; but they shall then

shake off their yokes, and shall revenge themselves of the grievances which they suffer under him, and the injuries he hath done unto the Creator of all. All the elements, all creatures, the whole world shall be up in arms against man."

"Amongst all evils, man is the worst evil; every beast hath an evil which is peculiar to it, but man is all evils. . . . Man is compared to the beasts of the field. It is worse to be compared to a beast than to be one; for it is no fault to be born an unreasonable creature, but to be endowed with reason, and to be compared unto a beast, is a fault of the will, so as this untamed passion makes him worse than beasts."

"And let your conversation with the creatures lead you unto the Creator."

"Repentance for our cruelty is an act of the grace of mercy."

CARRIER PIGEONS AT THE FRONT.

A chaplain with the B. E. F. in France writes, according to the *Times, Weekly Edition*:—

"I think it was on . . . that I paid a visit to one of the pigeon lofts in our area. The pigeons are part of my flock. They live—some sixty of them—in a London motor-omnibus from Piccadilly. The outside top part of the omnibus is roofed in to form a cage, while the men occupy the inside—or, rather, three-quarters of the inside, because the front part of the inside is also part of the cage, which is entered by a door from the men's room, and also by a door at the top of the back staircase.

"There is an opening in the front of the cage, cleverly arranged, so that the birds can enter when they return from their flights, but cannot fly out when they are inside. A board is deftly poised just inside the opening, so that when a bird steps on it an electric bell rings inside the omnibus to tell the men that a pigeon has come home. Two arrived while I was there; they had come from the trenches five miles away in twelve minutes. The pigeons are taken out in baskets to the trenches, to bring messages back in case the wire communications should be cut by the enemy's fire. If not wanted for this purpose, they are sent flying back after twenty-four hours with some message just for practice. Each pigeon has a ring put on its leg when quite young, and is known by the number on the ring.

"As soon as the bird arrives at the loft, a man creeps into the cage, catches it, reads the message, writes it down in duplicate, and sends an orderly at once with a copy to the signal officer, whence it is sent forth like an ordinary telegram to whereever it ought to go. Birds are always sent in couples, each with the same message, in case one should be shot by the enemy. Two males—or two females—are sent together, never a male and a female, lest they loiter by the way, or Eve tempt Adam to wander from the path of duty!

"Truly, they were a beautiful set of birds which I saw—quite a sight to behold in such perfect condition, and with all the marks of high breeding. Their dignified bearing seemed to show that they realized the importance of their work! It is a wonderful instinct which makes these birds fly back to their homes as soon as possible. The men get devoted to them, and make them love their clean and comfortable homes, where they are well fed and cared for in every way. Ah! how many of us would love to fly back to our warm, comfortable homes and be at rest with those who care for us! The crew of the loft consists of a chauffeur to drive the motor, an expert pigeon trainer, who also acts as cook, and an orderly to run with the messages. I had dinner with the men—they providing the meat and I the sweets. I wonder if that omnibus will ever run through Piccadilly again!"

PROTECTION FOR FLORIDA QUAIL

LOUIS BOSZORMENY.

Florida is proud of her beautiful quail, but Florida would be more exalted if she would make more effort to protect that which she is so proud of. Quail thrive abundantly there, and more especially in South Florida.

These useful workers, who toil hard in the fields and in raising their young, are regularly shot down during the winter months by the heartless hunter who comes here for warmth and pleasure. Some writers state that if this condition prevails many years hence, we shall see our bush insect hunters annihilated.

It is indeed very interesting to watch a bevy of these happy looking birds gather insects while they move from one end of a field to the other. You can hardly estimate, at first thought, how invaluable these birds are to the farmer, who, by the way, at present "backs up the nation."

A friend who does cherish these innocent little birds of the field tamed a covey so that he could go among them as he would a flock of chickens. Each day in the winter when the insects were less numerous, he diligently served them with a few handfuls of grain; each day at a certain hour in the afternoon the birds were fed, but I noticed if my friend should be busy at feeding hour the birds waited for him impatiently, calling to him in their own peculiar way.

After a few handfuls of wheat had been thrown upon the ground, the birds greeted the giver and thanked him for every morsel, eating and fluttering their wings at the same time. Oh, how they do chatter with each other while eating rapidly, reminding one that mother is scolding baby-bird for eating so fast, while baby-bird is only following the example of mother-bird's gluttony. It seems that they cannot get enough, they just keep on filling up, up, up.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

MATCHING SYLLABLES.

Each of the following syllables is a word. Put them together and form another word. Now see what you can do.

1. My first is a mouthful of liquid. (Example: Sup.) My second is an attitude. (Example: Pose.) My whole is to assume as true. (Example: Suppose.)

2. My first is one of the digits of a foot. My second is a grassy plain. My third is a soft, pasty mass. My whole is a city and a province of Spain.

3. My first is a tool that produces a rough edge. My second is a low haunt. My whole is to load or overload.

4. My first is to hold closely to. My second is to go ashore from a ship. My whole is the largest city in Ohio.

5. My first is a military station. My second is a sort of bread. My whole is to defer till later. —*Selected.*

II.

LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

S	E	I	P	S	A	N	B	E	T	U
E	A	N	U	T	R	Y	R	R	E	R
T	N	A	E	O	C	S	A	U	C	R
Y	D	C	S	T	A	T	O	P	Y	E

By beginning at a certain letter and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of several things found on the Thanksgiving table will be spelled.

III.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. A city in Lorraine.
2. A Latin pronoun.
3. A preposition.
4. A consonant.

IV.

MIXED WORD SQUARE.

EAOESDOODLBDSNRALBDSANERE.

Rearrange the above twenty-five letters into five words that will form a word square.

V.

AN AXIOM.

Pride; but
After shame.
—*Youth's Companion.*

Answers to puzzles in the October number.

I. A WHEEL: 1. Baboon. 2. Banana. 3. Bearer. 4. Bicker. 5. Bottle. 6. Buffet. 7. Brumal. 8. Bygone.

II. HEROES AND HEROINES: 1. The Æneid. 2. Bride of Lammermoor. 3. The Monastery. 4. Our Boys. 5. Our Boys. 6. The Abbot.

III. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Macaulay, Bancroft.

IV. NUMERICAL PUZZLE: 1. Samuel W. McCall. 2. John Quincy Adams. 3. Charles W. Eliot. 4. George Bancroft. 5. Sir Edmund Andros.

V. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE: Columbus Day.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is now 633 Third Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Owing to the prevailing epidemic the C tober monthly meeting was omitted. T next meeting will be held Friday, Nove ber 1, when we hope for a full attendan

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The work has grown so it is no long easy for the Book Club Secretary to c for all that pertains to the Club. The f lowing lady has volunteered to take cha of the music:—

FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, APPLY TO M THOMAS LACEY, 35 EAST 30TH STREET, N YORK, N.Y.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to a one who wishes. We can help teachers home for higher grades, or others who cann continue their school studies. Lessons w be given in all subjects. Please apply Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Stree Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "TH CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FO LOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter E change that no one may ask for mone clothing, or other articles, except books a magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obe this rule will be dropped from our list. An worker receiving such a request should sen the letter at once to headquarters.

In sending subscriptions for *The Cheerfu Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchang 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscri tions, 50 cents a year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, from Moun Alto to Blossburg, Pennsylvania.

AT REST.

It is with a sense of great loss that w record the death, from influenza, of Mis Dorothy W. Crosby of Chestnut Hill, Mass She for several years served as chairma of the Cheerful Letter Committee from th Chestnut Hill Church, most faithfully an acceptably.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Ex change, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.